




Henry C. Pitz



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May 13, 1960

Henry Pitz and the school are so much a part of each other that it is difficult to describe one without also defining the other. A word portrait is, therefore, not easy, but my ballpoint is impatient to draw in the outlines: his casual consistency of purpose; his firm value judgments resistant to the enticing winds of faddist doctrine; his penetrating and, sometimes, discomforting clarity; his always dependable honesty and integrity. These are a few of the qualities that endear Henry to his many friends and associates here at the school and elsewhere.

Henry has left the imprint of his personality on all of us. And we are finer people for the part of him that he cannot take away from us.

We wish him well in all the undertakings which the encroachment of the school on his privacy may have prevented him from achieving: the big books and the little books; the drawings and paintings still unborn; and days without end for the satisfying completion of all the unfinished business of a full life.

E. M. BENSON
Dean

PROGRAM

Honoring Henry C. Pitz on the occasion of the 25th Anniversary of his association with the college as Director of the Department of Illustration of the Philadelphia Museum College of Art.

COCKTAILS

DINNER



MENU

Mints & Nuts Celery & Olives

Hot and Cold Hors d'Oeuvres

Cold Vichyssoise Dorne

Lobster Newburg a la Gustave Doré

Fresh Jessie Wilcox Smith Asparagus

String Beans with Al Parker Almonds

Tossed Green Salad à la Hans Erni with French Dressing

French Crescent Rolls

Rockwell Water Ices Petit Fours Daniel Viège

Demitasse Coffee Aubrey Beardsley



WELCOME by E. M. Benson, Dean

MASTER OF CEREMONIES—Albert Gold

SPEAKERS: Bernard Brussel-Smith

Donald E. Cooke '38

Edward Warwick '16, Dean Emeritus

THIS IS HENRY'S LIFE—

Based on photographs compiled by a devoted
wife and interpreted by a devoted friend.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS

Henry's students

Faculty

The assembled guests



HENRY PITZ SPEAKS

EXHIBITION of Henry's work

PORTRAITS by Henry's students



Henry at 20 months—1896



1901 or 02



1908



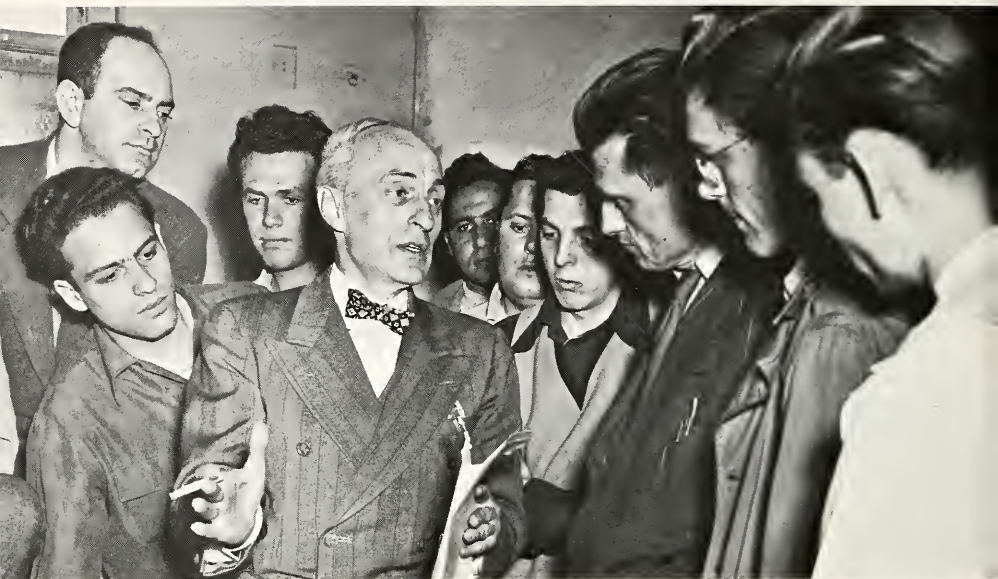
1913



1945



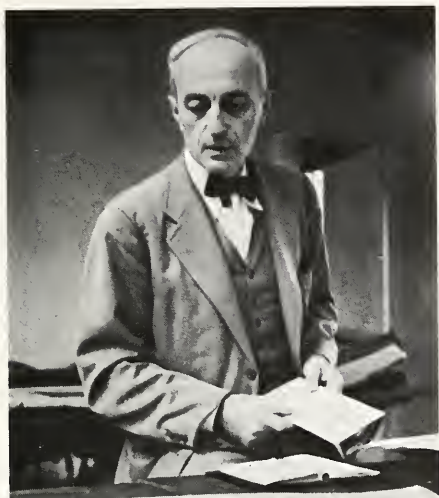
Henry with companions at Camelot Feast—Christmas, 1937



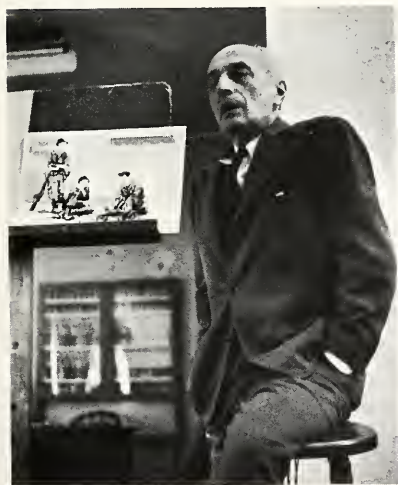
Henry talking to students, 1949



1953



1952



1950



Henry, Judy and Mollie, 1955

FROM THE WRITINGS OF HENRY C. PITZ

On Drawing Trees

Trees are out of fashion. They are quaint relics of an earlier and less inventive age; innocuous forms that still linger in certain valleys and hillsides that have escaped the bulldozer. What are they doing in this breathtaking century, still anchored to the old-fashioned earth?

No artist who values his *progressive* label dare give them a second glance. They are not on the approved list. They are frankly beautiful, and *beautiful* has been deleted from the vocabulary. True, they possess a geometry, but it is one of infinite variety that cannot be discovered at a glance. They are irritatingly simple and complex at one and the same time and display a certain cantankerous individuality while conforming to a basic pattern. Any industrial designer could design a more docile and functional tree if he had any time to spare for finger exercises.

On American Illustration

It is probably a tribute to American illustration that we take it for granted. We take it as a matter of course, not because of indifference, for it is something that we have decided we need. We demand it, pay for it, consume it at a furious rate and in its turn it enters into most of our homes in some form, plays some part in almost every American life, and leaves some imprint on the consciousness of millions, an imprint that is unpredictable and perhaps impossible to measure. But it is so much a part of our lives that we seldom feel impelled to isolate or study it.

It has grown into one of the most far-reaching and powerful folk arts of all time and like all great folk arts it is a sign and symbol of its time and its people. Yet the social and philosophical historians give it scant attention. And the critics and pundits of art dismiss it with a shrug, although it can, upon its topmost levels, become a fine art. But, unheeded by the intellectual, it flourishes and flowers, speaking *to* the millions and *for* them, permeating their daily lives—an unsuspected force of great cultural consequences for good or ill.

On Drawing

One of the great satisfactions of drawing comes from the necessity to scrutinize broadly and deeply, to penetrate imaginatively below the skin of things that the true underlying forms may be discovered. So drawing brings the reward of enhanced perceptions.

Although, when all is said, we learn by drawing, the will to draw can be kindled from many sources: the contemplation of the work of other artists, association with fellow creative minds, contact with good teachers, the reading of books. The artist will instinctively reach out for those things which warm and strengthen his groping search, his awareness of wonder, his concern with media and methods, his ache for achievement.

